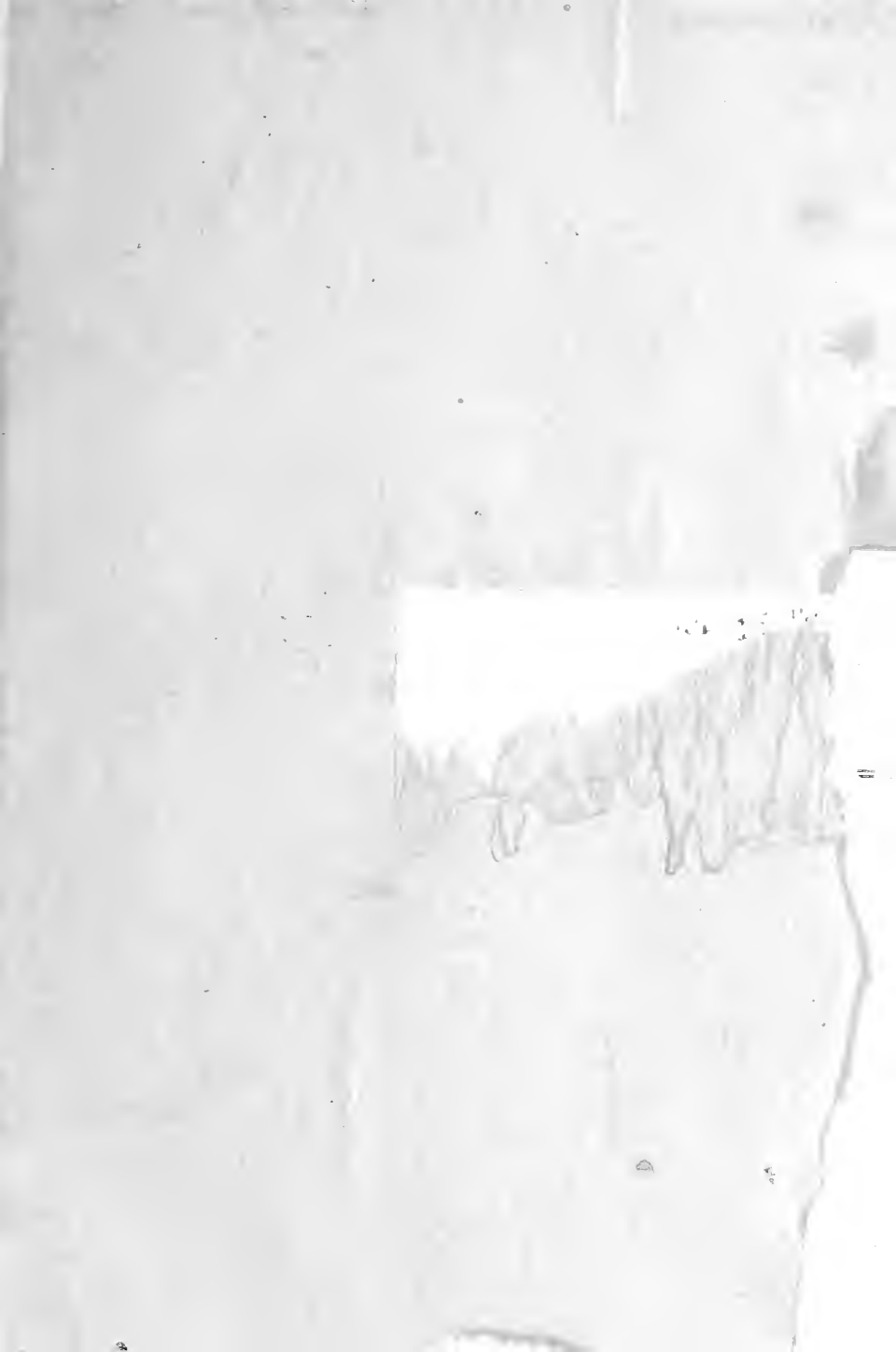


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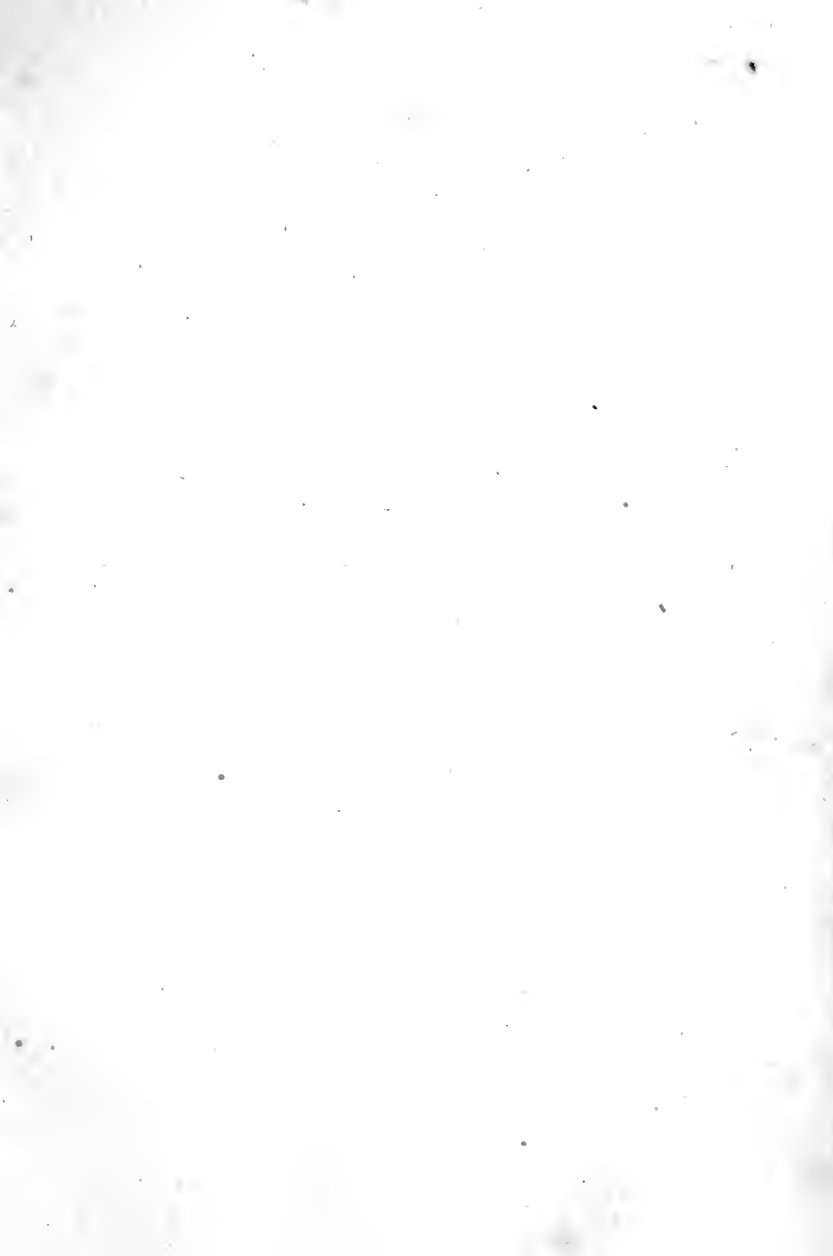
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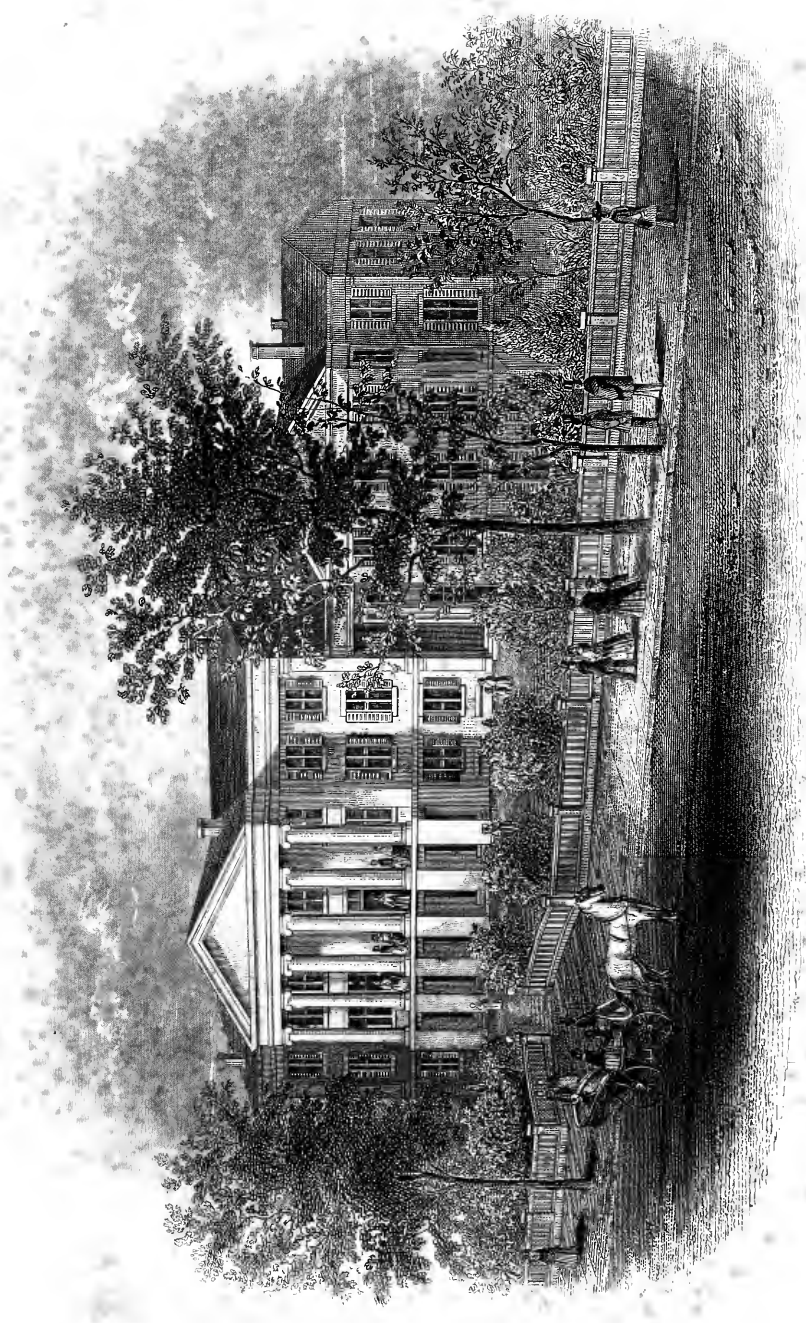


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HUNTSVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE ALABAMA.



JOSEPHINE  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

BY  
GEORGE M. <sup>erlow</sup>EVERHART.

NEW YORK:  
HARPER & BROTHERS,  
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1858.



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DENDI

# TO HIS PUPILS

WHO HAVE BEEN, OR MAY HEREAFTER BE

GRADUATED

*At the Huntsville Female College,*

THESE EFFUSIONS OF HIS EARLY YOUTH,

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

AB56006



## P R E F A C E.

---

It is proper that I should disclaim anything like poetical aspiration in the publication of these poems. They are given to the world from higher and purer considerations. A desire to prepare a pleasant souvenir for my pupils, and to gratify some friends, alone prompted me to reconstruct and arrange these effusions of my youth.

G. M. E.

HUNTSVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE,

Huntsville, Ala., October 1, 1855.



# \* C O N T E N T S.

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J O S E P H I N E.



# J O S E P H I N E .

---

## I.

THE fairest flowers that bloom of Eden lost  
Remind us, while they type the Paradise  
Of Heaven. The noblest spirits, too, remind  
Us of our lost estate of purity  
And love, and tell us of the happier land  
Where saints and angels dwell; and these do  
form

The golden links that bind our nature now  
To what it was, and what it yet may be.  
Where is *one* golden link that glitters bright  
In spirit's rusted chain? once sadly cried  
A mournful youth while musing on the ills  
Of frail humanity. But ere the words  
Had died upon the air, a fancied form,  
Of lovelier mien than nymph, or goddess fair,

Within his presence stood. The snowy robe  
Of purity she wore, and in her hands  
The olive branch of peace she held. Like stars,  
Her eyes resplendent shone, yet melting mild  
With loving tenderness almost divine.

Adorned with beauty radiant as the light,  
She, like a fabled goddess, spoke in tones  
Of heavenly melody, kind words of love,  
And turned to part for aye. But loudly cried  
The youthful dreamer—"Tell me, first, fair  
one,

Thy name, and whence thou art?" In accents  
sweet,

She said—"My name on earth was Josephine,  
My home was sunny France." And with these  
words

She vanished into air, and left the youth  
To revel in the thoughts her magic form  
Had waked. A fountain fresh within his breast  
Gushed forth, and bore upon its silvery tide  
The memories of *one* whose life did form  
The golden link in spirit's rusted chain,

That glittered brightly there. That shining  
link

Was Josephine, the gentle happy child,  
Who, loving all, soon won the love of all,  
Whether upon West India's flowery isles,  
Where servant children clustered round to  
twine

Her raven locks with garlands green, and wept  
To hear her tell of loved ones in the grave,  
Or 'mid the splendors of a royal home.

'T was Josephine, the loving wife and true,  
Whether to cheer Napoleon's troubled breast,  
Amid the wiles and ills of war, and 'rouse his  
strength

To mightier deeds; or sit beside him crowned  
An Empress on the Throne of France, as one  
Whom subjects loved and blessed, and mon-  
archs, too,

Their royal homage paid. . 'T was Josephine,  
The friend of wretchedness and want, who like  
An angel, from the courts of Heaven, sent  
To cheer and soothe, and comfort give to all,

Dispensed her blessings in the humble cot,  
The prison damp, and wheresoe'er the heart  
Of suffering bled from poverty or grief.

Two things there are will test the pure in  
heart—

From humble state to gain life's proudest fame,  
And then to feel life's keenest woe; to live  
With happiest sunshine in the heart, or grope  
Through sorrow's darkest gloom. As floods of  
light

All dazzling, blinding to the eyes of one  
Emerging from the shade, so does the blaze  
Of royal splendor oft bewilder head  
And heart, until they reel in drunkenness.  
Not so with Josephine. The throne to her  
Was only great because its splendor shone  
To light her pathway to the darksome haunts  
Of wretchedness unknown. As golden fruit,  
When bruised, will rot, so oft amid the pomp  
Of wealth, to feel life's keenest woe, will sink  
The buoyant heart, and all its love will die.

Not so with Josephine. Her deepest woe,  
Like hottest fire that yields the purest gold,  
Refined her love, and purified her heart.

The coronation of that mighty man,  
Napoleon, and his loving wife ; and then,  
The day that saw the wife forsaken and  
Napoleon false, the sunlight of the joy  
Display, and darkness of the woe of her  
Whose life, indeed, doth form the golden link  
That glitters bright in spirit's rusted chain.

## II.

The scene was majestic, in Paris, the day  
Napoleon was crowned with imperial sway :  
Past ages such glory had never unrolled—  
A grandeur, the future may never behold !

The heavens were azure, the morning was  
    bright,  
And the plumes of ten thousand men waved in  
    the light ;  
In costumes all glittering with gem and with  
    gold,  
More brilliant, they seemed, than the warriors  
    of old.

Apart they all stood—in the distance, away,—  
As host meeting host in full battle array ;



A chariot of glass with the king and the  
queen,  
And hundreds with princes, passed slowly be-  
tween.

The royal procession then ended their way ;  
And Napoleon was crowned, on that mem'orable  
day,  
Within a vast temple thus honored of old—  
Embellished with hangings of purple and gold.

A pile built of marble, and studded with stone,  
The pearl of the sea,—made the beautiful  
throne :

There knelt the great warrior and offered his  
vow,  
And himself placed the crown upon his own  
brow.

While Josephine bowed, in the meekness of  
prayer,  
The imperial crown of Napoleon, to share,

Her smiles passed away like the sun-light of  
heaven,  
That fleeth afar from the shadows of even.

Why should she then weep, 'neath the crown  
of a queen,  
'Mid ineffable splendors that compassed the  
scene?

Why should she then weep, with her lord at  
her side,  
The king of the realm, and a continent's pride?

A chord had been touched in that bosom of  
love,  
By an angel unseen, from the kingdom above;  
And the music it made was prophetic of woe,  
That tear-drops of sadness caused freely to  
flow.

The rites are now over. She rises a queen,  
With her features made bright by a beautiful  
sheen

Of happiest emotions that beam on her face  
As, through clouds of the night, the glad stars,  
that we trace.

Why emotions so happy—so beautiful now,  
When sorrow and woe had just darkened her  
brow?

The angel to soothe her a message had given,  
And the smiles on her face were reflections  
from heaven.

The message was this: “On the mightiest  
throne  
That stands on the earth, in its grandeur, alone,  
Thou sittest a queen to fulfill the design  
Of God, to this infidel kingdom of thine.

Surrounded by princes and nobles that came  
Napoleon to crown, and his kingdom proclaim,  
Awoke in her memory visions of yore,  
Resplendent with glory, though blotted with  
gore.

As lightnings that gleam on the face of the  
sky,

So scenes of the past in her memory swept by :  
The time came in view when adorned as a  
bride,

She stood by a youth in his valor and pride.

No treasures of gold, and no birth-right of  
fame,

Gave strength to his spirit, or worth to his  
name :

A stranger was he from the land of his birth—  
His fortune the sword, and his home the wide  
earth.

She knew by the lightning that flashed from  
his eye,

On fortune and friends he would scorn to rely ;  
The power *within* was the strength he would  
wield,

And to him, its great kingdoms, all Europe  
would yield.

Then swiftly through memory passed visions  
of war,  
Napoleon, the hero, 'mid conflict and gore ;  
Imperial in will, and in action the same,  
He made Europe his realm, and immortal his  
name.

'Twas not a vain glory that flooded her  
soul,  
With a tide of emotion she could not con-  
trol ;  
But feelings divine through her bosom were  
driven,  
Napoleon, she thought, had been favored of  
heaven.

Not favored to drench every hill-top and plain,  
With the tears of the widow, and blood of the  
slain,  
That ambition might triumph—might sit on a  
throne,  
Enveloped in splendor, unrivalled, alone !

But favored was he with this sceptre of might,  
(By redressing the wrong, and sustaining the  
right)

To rend the dark curtains of error and shame,  
That millions may bask in a heavenly flame !

Reflections like these had transported her soul  
With ecstatic emotions she could not control ;  
The sky of her future was cloudless, I ween,  
O'erbending a beautiful valley of green.

## III.

Time passed away. Now like a veil  
That hung upon the brow of heaven,  
And shadows made within the dale,  
Still darker than the shades of even,  
Thus, some foreboding woe made dark the  
scene  
So brightly pictured in the mind of Josephine.

## IV.

Within a chamber richly clad,  
Adorned with gold and glittering gem,  
A woman sat alone, and sad,  
Beneath a royal diadem.

Her bosom heaved, and sighs of woe  
Came trembling from her throbbing heart,  
As if, within, a suffering throe  
Would rend the thread of life apart.

At length the day had nearly fled,  
But lingered still the woman there,  
One hand upon her aching head,  
The other raised to God in prayer.



This royal one, and who was she ?

And what the woe within her breast ?

'T was Josephine—the light and free—

By some foreboded ill, oppressed.

Now, darkness o'er the earth unfurled

His sable banner on the air,

That waved in triumph o'er the world,

While mortals slumbered careless there.

But sleep to her had lost its charm,

And still she lingers as before :

She starts ! she lists ! a strange alarm

She hears without her chamber-door.

'T is some one rapping—rapping now,

And calling Josephine by name ;

With beating heart and pallid brow,

She, trembling, answers to the same.

She knew the voice. She oped the door.

Napoleon entered, marked with grief;  
And Josephine, he stood before,  
And trembled like an aspen leaf.

A fearful silence hushed the night,  
As if to hear words pass between;  
The tapers burned with flickering light,  
As if they trembled at the scene.

No words the awful silence broke,  
But sighs that breathed from either's breast,  
Some dark and dreadful suffering, spoke,  
Too painful then to be expressed.

Like statues, there unmoved, they stand,  
Till tears from each begin to start,  
And then Napoleon takes her hand,  
And lays it fondly on his heart,

And says—"My Josephine, my wife!  
The dear companion of my youth—  
The guardian angel of my life,  
Whose bosom swells with love and truth.

"Thou hast been, art, and shalt be still,  
Far dearer than the world to me;  
But fate is stronger than my will,  
And blindly severs me from thee."

A thunderbolt had rived her heart—  
She reeled, and fell upon the floor;  
And life seemed ready to depart,  
As paleness spread her features o'er.

Dismayed, Napoleon loudly cried—  
The palace halls his mandates rung;  
And lords came promptly to his side,  
And o'er the pulseless body hung.

Upon her couch they softly laid  
The swooning body of the queen ;  
Then others came with kindly aid,  
And life restored to Josephine.

The king withdrew. He could not stand  
Before that lovely one of heaven,  
Whose heart, a bolt from his own hand,  
Just then so cruelly had riven.

His mighty soul, that never quailed  
Upon the bloody battle plain,  
Now shrank within—his spirit failed,  
And writhed in all the throes of pain.

With folded arms, the palace hall,  
In grief, he paced till morning light,  
And o'er his soul was hung a pall  
Of darkness, darker than the night.

But the conceit his mind had wove,  
Renewed his thirst for royal fame—  
A thirst that blasted peace and love,  
To give posterity his name.

Ambition dire ! thy will has driven  
The very angels from the sky—  
Has marred the happiness of heaven,  
And blighted Eden's purity.

Upon thy altar hearts have bled,  
Fond hopes, like withered leaves, lie strown ;  
And hellish deeds have marked thy tread,  
Where'er thy fearful steps have gone.

## V.

Slowly a fortnight passed away,  
As if it lingered to allay  
The pains which rent that gentle heart.  
But the unhappy day of doom,  
Now came with all its fearful gloom,  
The dearest tie to rend apart.

## VI.

Within the Tuilleries' grand saloon, unhung with  
gem and gold,

A mournful throng in silence sat the drama to  
behold.

No gorgeous drapery hung around, no smiling  
faces shone,

As when the lovely queen was crowned, and  
graced Napoleon's throne.

A cloud of sorrow clothed the scene with far  
intenser gloom

Than if, as mourners of the queen, they lin-  
gered at her tomb.

The silence of the grave prevailed: the lips  
spoke not a word;

Almost pulsation ceased to beat, and breathing  
scarce was heard.

A table stood with vacant chair within the  
mournful space ;

The written doom of faith and love lay on its  
marble face.

Why wait they all in silence still ? And why  
that empty chair ?

Behold ! a door flies open wide, and *Josephine*  
is there.

She nears the fatal spot, among the kings and  
lords and all,

And sadly sits beneath the gloom o'erhanging  
like a pall.

Deep, heaving sighs from every breast, the  
dreadful silence broke ;

Napoleon quailed within his heart, and shud-  
dered at the stroke.

Apart he stood with folded arms, his head upon  
his breast ;

And on a pillar leaned his form, his trembling  
limbs to rest.



That beaming brow which shone so bright amid  
the battle din,  
Is pallid from corroding pain that rankles deep  
within.

As some strong monarch of the wood that battled with the storm,  
That proudly turned the fiercest gale by its  
majestic form,  
Until itself drew down from heaven a thunder-  
bolt of fire  
That rived its heart, and bowed its head be-  
neath the fearful ire,

Hard by so did Napoleon seem, though conqueror of the land,  
A mournful wreck of wretchedness by his own  
ruthless hand.

The written doom of faith and love, a courtier  
loudly read ;  
Then Josephine, with streaming eyes, rose up  
and sweetly said :

“For France I sacrifice my love, an offering  
from my heart,—

Though hard the stroke that severs it, and  
rends the tie apart.”

She said no more ; but on the scroll, in silence,  
wrote her name ;

The deed was done, the die was cast, that told  
Napoleon’s shame !

What heart could thus its love resign, its hap-  
piness forego,

And would not curse the cruel fate that plunged  
it in the woe ?

But, noble queen ! she kissed the rod that drove  
her from the throne,

She blessed the ruthless hand that smote ; and,  
saint-like, grieved alone.

Time passed away ; and though bereft of splen-  
dor and of fame,

Ten thousand paid her homage still ; ten thou-  
sand blessed her name ;

And kings hung o'er her dying bed, and heard  
her dying prayer,  
And angels bore her soul away, *in heaven* a  
crown to wear.

Thus, 'mid the darkness of the past, a ray of  
light was seen,  
That wrote upon the dreamer's heart the name  
of Josephine—  
The name that tuned his humble lyre to utter  
in its strain,  
*She* is the link that glitters bright in spirit's  
rusted chain.

## VII.

The scroll that dissevered their union of love,  
A parchment of doom to Napoleon did prove ;  
The moment fair Josephine penned there her  
name,

The glory began to depart from his fame.

That strange light of destiny radiant afar,  
Like the splendor that streams from some beautiful star,

Began now to wane, and to fade, and to die,  
Till the light of its glory was lost to his eye.

The eagle, whose pinions rode high on the storm,  
And battled with clouds in their terrible form,

From his heavenward flight, by the arrow of  
doom,  
Fell wounded and slain, amid tempest and  
gloom.

Like Satan, to hell, from the kingdom of  
heaven,  
From the throne into exile, Napoleon was  
driven ;  
On an isle of the ocean deserted and drear,  
He died unlamented, unwept with a tear.

## FRIENDSHIP.

---

How deeply vile the heart is,  
How treacherous the heart is,  
    Of faithless, fallen man !  
Like a bright star in yonder sky,  
That smiles upon the pilgrim's eye  
With radiant beams of truth and love,  
When azure spans the arch above,—  
But let a storm-cloud roll between,  
The smiling orb's no longer seen.  
Thus, Friendship's true when all is bright,  
But false, when sorrow dims the light.

How deeply vile the heart is,  
How treacherous the heart is,  
    Of faithless, fallen man !

Like a cool fountain's dashing spray  
Upon the desert's trackless way,  
That lures the weary wanderer now  
To slake his thirst, and cool his brow ;  
Then, as he stoops to sip the spray,  
Into the sand it sinks away.  
Thus, Friendship lures but to decoy  
The heart that thirsts for soothing joy.

How deeply vile the heart is,  
How treacherous the heart is,  
    Of faithless, fallen man !  
Like the rich bloom of some fair flower  
Whose leaves unfold to deck the bower  
Of beauty, and in one short hour,  
If Boreas blows his icy breath  
Upon its fragile form, to death  
It yields its loveliness and bloom.  
Thus, human friendship finds an early tomb  
When adverse winds blow from their cloud of  
    gloom.

## A MOUNTAIN VIEW.

---

IN early youth  
I dropped a tear upon my mother's grave,  
And bade adieu to childhood's home ; and far  
To distant lands I went my way. And as  
I journeyed on, a rugged mountain, vast,  
Whose summit lofty mingled with the sky,  
Before me stretched its massive frame, as far  
As eye could see. I reached its base, stooped  
o'er  
A bubbling fount, took one cool draught, and,  
with .  
My guide, began to scale the pillared height.  
A bridle pathway, like a spider's thread  
Around some lofty pillar, wound toward  
The top its spiral course. We safely trod



The narrow path, till wearied by the toil,  
And heated by the noon-day's sun. Upon  
A moss-grown rock, I sat myself to rest  
Awhile, and gaze on nature there. That scene  
I never can forget. 'T was deeply writ  
By God's own fingers on my heart, and e'en  
While years must fade away, it brightens still.  
Before me lay a landscape long and wide,  
Embracing forest wild, and verdant fields,  
And winding streams, and placid lakes. The  
woods,  
Those leafy worlds, whose bosoms rolled be-  
neath  
The gale, seemed like a troubled sea. Those  
plains  
Of vernal green, adorned with golden hues,  
Spread far away ; and seemed as if their wide  
Expanse a lovely carpet was, laid o'er  
The earth by seraphs' lily hands, on which  
For seraphs' feet to walk. The river's flow  
(Anon by forests hid) went rippling on :  
Beneath the sun's bright smile, it sparkled like

A diamond vale. A lake of crystal glowed  
With dazzling light: I saw its silvery waves  
Go trembling on, and fancied that, mayhap,  
Ten thousand viewless forms were dancing on  
Its pearly plain.

Majestic grandeur, charmed  
My soul, from every view. Upon my right  
Was granite, piled, and piled, until its height  
Was wreathed with clouds. If God's eternal  
throne  
Has pillars vast, methought that mighty pile  
Of granite, *one*.

Upon my left a dread  
Ravine yawned open wide. 'T was filled with  
gloom.  
Below me waved the giant oaks, whose roots  
Were planted in the dark abyss. How strange  
The scene! A forest wrapped in midnight  
gloom,  
While all above is clothed in light. My guide

Broke in upon the charm that held my heart,  
And bade me go.

The shades of eve were on  
The mountain's breast, while on the air rolled  
peals  
Of thundering sound. A rock o'erhanging  
high

We passed, and lo! the scene! A cascade in  
The sky! There, like a sheet of silver, wove  
By angel hands, tied fast to granite cliffs,  
And hung athwart the dark ravine, appeared  
That falling flood. The dashing spray threw  
far

Upon the flower-clad rocks, eternal dews  
That sparkled in their dimpled folds, like gems.  
Merging its pale and misty brow deep in  
A sea of clouds, a vapory pillar rose  
On high, like some vast marble pyramid.  
We turned to scale the summit of the mount.  
'T was evening now. We stood amid the air,  
While clouds, like walls of snow, did form a vast

Pavilion canopied by heaven. The king  
Of day had wheeled his flaming chariot to  
The western sky ; and cast above, and on  
The earth, as swift it rolled its course amid  
The viewless stars, a flood of gorgeous rays,  
That penciled bright our airy dome with hues  
Of gold. And twilight, hovering o'er the earth,  
The shadows of whose wings dissolved the dyes  
Of radiant brilliancy—revealed the splendors of  
The sky. A sapphire plain spread far away  
Through universal space—the paradise  
Of God, whose flowerets fair are radiant worlds ;  
And roses bright are shining suns ! Upon  
This scene, sublime, unconsciously I gazed  
Till fancy wearied in her rapid flight,  
And slumber wooed me to repose ; and there  
I slept upon a downy couch of clouds,  
Encurtained by the drapery folds of night  
Embroidered rich with glittering stars.  
Such scenes are magic charms upon the heart,  
That fling around the spirit silken bands.

## W O M A N .

---

As a lone star at midnight illumines the storm,  
The earth was made lovely by Woman's fair  
form ;

Like flowers that brighten some desolate plain,  
Her smiles and caresses give pleasure to pain.

What heart has ne'er felt sweet emotions of  
love,

That soften the soul, like the notes of the  
dove ?

What heart has ne'er warmed in its magical  
flame,

Or thrilled with delight, at a fond cherished  
name ?

The wife to remember, as youthful and gay,  
Is a pleasure most charming to life's beaten  
way ;

One feels the first love that enraptured his  
soul,

And through him emotions of happiness roll.

In fancy, he visits the beautiful bowers,  
Where he oft, with his loved one, culled roses  
and flowers ;

Her rich raven tresses, that streamed on the  
air,

The smile on her lips, and her forehead so  
fair,—

Her symmetrical form, and her dark flashing  
eye,

That rivalled in beauty her star in the sky ;  
The same lay of love that she gleefully sung,  
Till the green leafy arches with melody  
rung,—

The transporting moment he sat by her side,  
And won her young heart to become his fair  
    bride,  
The long silent pause, then the fond look of  
    love,  
That smiled on his soul, like a smile from  
    above.

Her lily white hand that he pressed in his  
    own,  
When she whispered, "I'm thine, and do love  
    thee alone!"  
Are bright in his memory to bless and to  
    cheer,  
To strew o'er his path reminiscences dear.

More beautiful charms has fair Woman beside,  
Than those that may crown her as virgin and  
    bride.

The pathway of life, dreary, rugged, and chill,  
She smooths with affection, and lessens the ill.

'Mid want, or affliction, disease, or distress,  
The wife watches fondly to comfort and bless.  
A cave is a palace, a hut is a dome,  
A wild is a garden, a desert a home,

If thou a companion hast, lovely and fair,  
Who feels for thy sorrow, and lightens thy  
care :

The rose-buds of kindness that blossom in  
life,

Are nourished with love by the hand of the  
wife.

And who has not felt a dear mother's fond  
care ?

Or heard not his name in her breathings of  
prayer ?

Who watched o'er thy cradle? who guarded thy  
youth ?

Who led thy young heart to the fountain of  
truth ?



When pangs of disease had prostrated thee  
low,

Who leaned o'er thy couch, and who softened  
thy woe?

When fortune had frowned, and the world had  
beguiled,

Who, still, was thy friend, who caressed thee  
and smiled?

Though mountains and valleys between you  
may lie,

Or over her grave thou may'st mournfully sigh,

The love for that mother can never be riven,

But filial affection shall strengthen in heaven.

## THE PRAYER OF WASHINGTON.

---

In Valley Forge, bruised o'er with many a scar,  
    an army stood,  
Their forms half clad, their feet unshod, and  
    dripping red with blood ;  
Upon the rough and frozen earth they lay them  
    down to sleep,  
Though wintry winds and drifts of snow fast  
    o'er their slumbers sweep ;  
The great and small, the old and young, alike  
    endure the woe,  
For they are bound by plighted faith against a  
    common foe.

The tattered camp with curtains rent, and flapping in the air ;

The hungry moan, and trembling groan, and warrior's dreamy prayer ;

The stately form, that strides along, with sword and waving crest,

That paces mid the slumbering host, and beats upon his breast,

To memory tell a story sad, a story drear and wild,

Of times gone by, when freemen bled, and ghastly hunger smiled.

The night is dark, and thickening gloom has gathered o'er the dale ;

The stars have shrunk away in dread, and hid behind the veil

Of lowering clouds, surcharged with gloom, that spread themselves afar ;

And curtained is the quiet moon, to nestle with a star.

No sound of gladness greets you there, to stay  
 the rising fear,  
 While howling winds, and dying groans, anon  
 fall on the ear.

Amid this scene of death and gloom, behold  
 that warrior bold,  
 In anguish, kneeling there, amid the tempest  
 dark and cold ;  
 With hands uplifted to the skies, he breathes a  
 fervent prayer,  
 The accents deep, now roll away, and tremble  
 on the air :  
 “O God,” he cries, “Thou King of kings,—  
 Thou Lord of earth and heaven,  
 My country, Oh, my country, save, and bid its  
 chains be riven !

“Proud tyrants rule with cruel sway, while  
 bleeding thousands die ;  
 And in the chains of slavery, three groaning  
 millions cry

To Thee—thou just and holy One, thou Prince  
of peace and war ;

To save our own, our native land, now welter-  
ing in its gore !

Grant us the boon of freedom dear ! break Thou  
the tyrants' rod !

Strike off the fetters from our land, and own us  
Thine, O God !

“ Then peace and love, like purling streams,  
would flow through valleys fair ;

And every hill would send to heaven the voice  
of praise and prayer :

Our Father, Friend, and Lord of Hosts, if Thou  
wilt be our shield,

Our little band, with dauntless hearts, will  
brave the battle-field ;

Our cry shall ring from shore to shore, and  
echo o'er the sea,

That all the earth may know we fight, for God,  
and liberty !”

The warrior ceased his ardent prayer, and upward turned his eyes,  
And saw a radiant star appear, far gleaming through the skies.  
Through darkness dense, and storms of wrath, the star, refulgent, shone,  
And bore a message in its beams, from God's eternal throne.  
But now a loud "Amen" is heard, and then that martial form  
Stands up again, in majesty, to wrestle with the storm.

And still he gazed upon that star, amid the tempest wild,  
No clouds o'erspread its beaming brow, that brightened as it smiled.  
In every ray he saw a hope, until its flood of light  
Flashed through the sky, and drove away the storm and cloud of night :

On every bloody field of death, in every vic-  
tory won,  
That star of hope lit up the path of noble  
Washington!

## TO ELOQUENCE.

---

### I.

Is not thy strength the mystic charm  
That can the firmest will disarm?  
We listen to thy winning voice—  
With thy own spirit we rejoice :  
We feel the warmth that heats thy soul,  
As floods of passion through us roll ;  
We drop with thee the scalding tear ;  
We start with dread, when thou dost fear.

### II.

As some light barque of which we dream,  
That floats upon a mighty stream,  
So, on thy ever onward flow  
Of crested waves, we go—we go.



Now, gliding on a current mild—  
Then rushing swift on torrents wild,  
We're borne along, thy willing slave,  
Upon thy broad resistless wave!

## A LITTLE GIRL

(A LINEAL DESCENDANT OF POCAHONTAS).

---

I NEVER shall forget that balmy hour.  
It was a summer morn, and all things smiled  
Beneath a radiant sun and azure sky.  
Within a flowery Eden, to regale  
My spirit on its fragrant beauty, I  
Had wandered forth. My fancy twines about  
My heart a wreath of full ten thousand charms,  
When nature wears the garniture of heaven.  
I thought it was a spot where angels well  
Might love to be, and feast on fragrance—sip  
Away the pearly dew-drop sparkling bright,  
And dally with the playful flowers that dance  
Upon the breeze, and bask amid those haunts  
Of glowing beauty. As I gently wound  
My way 'neath arching domes of foliage green,

'Mid flowers blushing like a maiden's cheek,  
And waving boughs and fruits of golden hue,  
I 'spied a little wanderer half hid  
Among the clustering vines and roses bright.  
I softly neared, and paused; and silently  
I gazed unseen upon the infant one  
Whose tiny form all grace, and wondrous fair,  
Amid the bloom and beauty seemed more like  
A fairy child, than one of earth.

And while  
The little Rambler sported gaily as  
A bird, her perfect form and fair, revealed  
The noblest blood of Indian kings; and woke  
A magic train of thought within my breast,  
Whose fragments lie in chaos on my heart,  
Save these, I there embalmed in song.

That heavenly virtue can not flow  
From vein to vein with gliding years,  
They need not tell me, for I know  
The Indian-angel's heart is hers;

As well deny the mine its gem,  
Or parent rose, its blooming stem.

But spirit, warm with love and truth,  
And pregnant with celestial thought,  
Transmits the freshness of its youth,  
And through the lapse of time is brought.  
As well deny the sun his beam,  
Or bubbling fount, its crystal stream.

Her bright eye flashed with genius rare,  
Beneath her locks of raven dye,  
Like shining stars, through midnight air,  
That twinkle in the vaulted sky :  
So dark the tress—so broad the brow,  
I said, “a royal child art thou !”

And when the little rambler fled,  
A gleeful laugh rung on the air :  
With blooming wreath upon her head,  
And rose buds clustering in her hair,

She seemed more like a thing of love,  
Or some bright wanderer from above.

She ran beside my musing bower,  
Her features beamed with joy, and smiled;  
The loveliest rose she bore, or flower,  
Was not so lovely as the child;  
But on her tiny feet ran free,  
As ripples dance upon the sea.

## THE MAIDEN BY THE SEA.

---

A STILL and pulseless spot. The playful  
breeze  
Has sung itself to sleep. The swinging bough  
No longer dips the briny wave. The oaks—  
Huge, howling monsters of the wood—stand  
still  
As adamant. An arch of azure spans  
A boundless sea, with scarce a wandering cloud  
To dot its spotless brow. A lovely girl  
Amid the shadows of declining day,  
Upon the pebbly margin of a world  
Of waters, stands in silent thought, and there  
Intently gazes on the placid sea,  
And then upon the evening sky. The star  
Of day, like some vast ball suspended high

In air, and heated by the breath of God,  
With crimson glows; and then, as it were, its  
hold

Is severed from the sky; and gliding down  
Toward the lulling tide, a sea of gold

Is shed upon a sea of pearl. A lone

And fleecy cloud seems clinging fast to its

Own native wave; and pausing on the sea,

A stream of glory tinges bright its soft

And downy pinions with fair rainbow hues.

And there it glows, as if a fragment of

The drapery folds about the throne of God

Had been asunder rent, to robe its soft

And fragile form. The ocean sleeps, as if

From elemental strife 'tis weary now.

But lo! the ball of fire falls on the sea!

The water stirs beneath the crimson glow,

And opens wide its jaws to swallow down

The golden fruit; and all is calm again.

The silence deep, that rests upon the sea,

Rests on that Maiden's heart. Before her lies

The emblem true of vast eternity.

The deepening shadows gathering o'er the sea,

To her, appear like spectres of the dead.

The semblance of the silent sleep of death,

The awful stillness seems. She fain would flee

Away, to break the awe that chains her soul;

But, e'en the solemn grandeur of the scene

Allures her still, like some bewitching charm.

She lingers there, till night's dark robe en-  
shrouds

The world, and, one by one, the glittering stars

Are seen, anon, amid the thickening gloom.

And now the ebon pall of darkness casts

Its shadow o'er the earth and sea. The Maid,

In wildest transport, gazing far o'er fields

Of ether, lit by million torches—"piles

Of crystal light"—uplifts her tiny hands

In praise. Then, looking far away upon

The sleeping flood, a million diadems—

The symbol crowns of angels—glimmer in

The bosom of that placid sea. The Maid

Departing, turns and waves her lily hand



Toward the sea and sky, and sweetly sings  
An ode to sable Night.—

O Darkness ! though thou canst not be  
The conqueror of the noon-day light,  
Yet greater far art thou to me,  
Thou princely monarch of the night.

Upon thy mantle glitter bright  
The radiant glories of the sky ;  
Ten thousand worlds of dazzling light,  
Adorn the throne of God on high !

I love to breathe thy silent air,  
Made fragrant by the dew of even,  
And wish that I could linger, where  
I ever might commune with heaven.

## MUSIC.

---

### I.

THERE is a rapture of the soul  
That sways the heart without control :  
It softens every ill of time,  
And breathes a charm of bliss sublime ;  
It melts the rugged spirit even,  
And bathes the mind with dews of Heaven ;  
'Tis *Music* that enchains the heart,  
And bids our cares and ills depart.

### II.

In listening to its sacred strains,  
We revel on Elysian plains,  
And hear cerulean arches ring  
With sweetest notes that angels sing.

'Tis *sacred song* that, by its lay,  
Our harsher being melts away.

## III.

'Neath *Music's* slow and solemn wave,  
We think of loved ones in the grave,  
And sigh o'er tender scenes of yore,  
Feeling as we ne'er felt before.

## IV.

When soft and mellow tones arrest,  
And echo through the lover's breast,  
How deep the spell, yet sweet and mild !  
He sees the look when Mary smiled,  
And sang the song—the tender lay,  
That took his youthful heart away.

## V.

When deep and thrilling notes arouse,  
The battle-field the thoughts espouse ;

We hear the tramp of legions there—  
See banners waving on the air ;  
We hear the deafening shouts of war,  
And see the crimson pools of gore ;  
Our passions burn, and leap, and bound,  
And struggle on that battle-ground.

## THE TWO RILLS.

---

By chance two crystal rills did meet

Within a mountain's breast ;

They bathed awhile their dimpled feet,

The other each addressed.

“ Why haste thee so, good brother mine,

And whither dost thou go ?

What madness stirs that breast of thine,

And makes thy waters flow ? ”

“ If here I stay, the earth will drink

The life-blood of my heart,

And soon my youthful form will shrink—

Unknown, my life depart.

“ I wish not thus to pass away  
Within these caverns drear—  
To live for nought, to die for aye,  
And no one shed a tear.

“ I’m going to the sunny land,  
Thence to the mighty sea,  
Though granite walls on every hand,  
And long the way may be.

“ No madness stirs this breast of mine—  
Nor idle end my goal;  
My will is moved by one divine,  
And hence my waters roll.

“ Come, go with me, my brother fair,  
We ’ll join our rippling tide;  
We ’ll better bear the toil and care,  
As on our way we glide.”

“ I cannot go, thou foolish one,  
My pleasure *here* shall be ;  
This cool retreat of rest alone,  
Is worth your world to me.”

They bade adieu with dimpled hands,  
When gladly, it that sped  
Heard all its waves, in playful bands,  
Sing sweetly as they fled.

A hovering spirit, watching o’er,  
Saw every barrier fall,  
As wave on wave the granite wore,  
And toppled down its wall.

At length upon the mountain’s side,  
A sparkling fountain gushed,  
Whose waters rolled a purling tide,  
And down the valleys rushed.

And as it flowed, loud swelled its song,  
Until the hill-tops rang;  
It woke the slumbering founts along,  
And up their bubbles sprang.

Its current swelled at every hill—  
Through every valley green,  
Until the little rippling rill  
A river flowed, I ween.

The gentle song that once it sung,  
Is now a deafening peal;  
And every hill-top is a tongue,  
Its greatness to reveal.

And loudly did the sea proclaim  
The joy that thrilled his breast,  
When to his heaving bosom came  
This son with foaming crest.



The brother rill that chose to stay  
Beneath the mountain side,  
Unhonored now has passed away,  
Where all its waters dried.

A lesson, learn then, laggard youth,  
From these two simple rills—  
Press onward, in the way of truth—  
Wear down the barrier hills,

Until Eternity shall hail  
Thy spirit to the sky!  
But linger on—thine all shall fail—  
Thy name and being die!

## LOST STAR OF EVENING.

---

THE Evening Star is the theme of my lay,  
Although it has gone from the West;  
The thoughts it implanted have passed not  
away,  
But bloom in the warmth of my breast.

When my life was all love, and my fancy was  
bright,  
How fondly I gazed on the star  
That smiled, as a queen, with her garland of  
light,  
More brilliant than others, by far.

“Fair Queen of the Evening,” I uttered in  
song,  
“Let me bask in the smiles of thy love,

For thou art divinest of all the bright throng  
That reign in the regions above."

"Fair Queen of the Evening!" so softly I  
cried,

"Wilt thou list to a song of my heart?  
Wilt thou let a fond lover his story confide,  
Ere the smiles of thy beauty depart?

"The fairest of earth, like thyself, of the sky,  
And as gay as a flower of May,  
Is the girl of my love, with her bright laughing  
eye,  
That rivals thine own beaming ray.

"On a soft, balmy eve, while she leaned on my  
arm,  
I pointed to thee from afar,  
And told her the thought of some magical  
charm  
That called thee my destiny-star.

“And then, by the splendor that shone from  
thy brow,

In the whispering accents of love,  
She plighted her hand, and renewed me her  
vow,

That faithful, as thou, she would prove.”

“Fair Queen of the Evening, now radiant and  
bright,

If thou art the lamp of my hope,  
Oh cease not to smile with thy heavenly  
light,

Nor bid me in darkness to grope !

“Fair Queen of the Sky ! in thy palace of  
blue,

Let the West be for ever thy throne !  
Shine radiantly on, and my loved one is  
true—

But vanish—my loved one is gone !”

As the days fled away, and the months in their  
train,

I gazed on the lone star of even,  
And saw the bright vision fade slowly, and  
wane,  
And finally drop out of heaven.

O God! what darkness enclouded my  
heart,

When the star of my destiny fell—  
When the terror of fate hurled its fiery  
dart,  
And the pain made my bosom a hell!

The sky was bereft of the Beautiful One,  
And tear-drops from heaven were shed;  
My heart was *alone*, for my loved one had  
gone,

To dwell in the tombs of the dead.

Lost Star of the Evening—the theme of my  
song—

Although it has gone from the sky,  
Awakes fond emotions, that gleefully throng,  
But press from my bosom a sigh.

## SLANDER.

---

“’Tis slander, whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

FOUL foe of man—thou fiend of hellish birth—  
Thou who didst taint the innocence of earth,  
Defaming God with serpent tongue of guile,  
When man was pure, and paradise did smile ;  
List ! while some features of thy form I trace  
And see the vileness in thy hideous face.

The heart may hate and burn with envy dire,  
And burn and burn, but viewless is the fire ;  
But let foul Slander ope her lips of gall,  
Then, envious words in burning torrents fall.  
As lavas, that from craters roll afar—  
That strip the hills, and lovely valleys mar—

So envy, through the lips of slander vile,  
Bears desolation in a flood of guile  
On all around—destroys the happy hour,  
And crushes truth beneath its hellish power.

Foul fiend of hell! We know the subtle art  
That thou canst wield within the human heart.  
Thou dost not always show thy visage dire—  
Belching forth envy, as the crater, fire.

An angel oft! and fond is thy caress,  
But murder lurks, when thou wouldst seem to  
    bless :

The close embrace but hides the fearful dart  
That probes the unsuspecting to the heart.

And more, foul fiend! Habiliments divine,  
And smiling brow, and honied words are thine.  
The flood of praise is checked—the lips are  
    shut,  
And uttered as they close that envious—  
    “but” —.



Well canst thou tell of noble actions done,  
Of many virtues, radiant as the sun ;  
And basely twine a blooming wreath of fame,  
That thou may'st surer blight or blast the  
same.

Ah, base traducer ! thou a Judas art,—  
A friend to kiss—a devil at the heart—  
A whitened tomb, of polished marble made,  
In which are rotting bones of dead men  
laid

A demon, thou, in garments dyed above,  
And wearing on thy brow a seraph's love,  
Hast gone where sin before had never trod,  
And blasted Eden in the face of God.

Although so dreadful in thine own dark form,  
Equipped with lightning and the raging storm,  
More fearful thou, to mask thy hideous face  
With smiles that would a heavenly vision  
grace

To utter honied tones, and call *him* friend,  
Whose noble deeds, and many virtues blend—  
Then, damn his name, by that mean, little  
word—

That—“*but*”—by which the fairest fame is  
blurred.

Vile wretch! Thou well dost know thy subtle  
art!

No fiend of hell can better act his part.  
First bleach the form, if thou would'st better  
see

The blot with which thou'dst stain its purity.  
Ofttimes is this thy rule of action dire,  
To scatter through the earth thy brands of  
fire.

Foul foe of man!—thou vilest curse of time,  
That gave sin birth—that urges on to crime,  
Away! away! Thou offspring vile of hell,  
Back to perdition, where thy kindred dwell.

## DEATH-BED OF NAPOLEON.

---

IN a palace-like mansion all garnitured o'er  
    With canvas that glowed with the past,  
A large stately painting, I paused there before,  
    And gazed as one riveted fast.  
Napoleon lay rigidly sleeping in death ;  
    His features were clammy and chill ;  
His forehead was pallid, and hushed was his  
    breath,  
And his body was pulseless and still.

As I gazed on the warrior there lifeless and  
    cold,  
I sighed as I thought of the tomb ;  
Within the dark prison, the timid and bold,  
    Alike must lie down in the gloom.

Then swift-wingèd fancy, with pinions of light,  
In the realms of historical fame,  
Napoleon beheld, in her mystical flight,  
The hero of glory and shame !

At Brienne she heard the young Corsican's  
prayer,  
Beneath a cool, fairy-like bower,  
That his arm might be strong, and his spirit  
might dare  
To scale the bright summit of power.  
Napoleón she saw, when his youth had gone by,  
With his eye firmly fixed on a throne,  
Mid an ocean of blood, and a world's wailing  
cry,  
Pressing dauntlessly onward and on.

She saw him at length as an emperor crowned,  
With a dynasty built upon bones ;  
And heard the loud shout of the thousands  
around,  
As it rolled away mingled with groans.

At Moscow she saw the bold warrior again,  
    (With armies and banners unfurled;)   
His heart throbbed in hope of unlimited reign—  
    To sit on the throne of the world.

O'er this city of grandeur that spread far away,  
    She, hovering, paused to behold—  
And saw his dense legions, in battle array,  
    Approaching in numbers untold.  
As thousands beneath the dark mantle of night,  
    In silence withdrew from their homes;  
Their possessions and gold they neglected in  
    flight,  
    And fired that city of domes.

When the morning was gone, and the noon-day  
    had turned  
    To welcome the shadows of even;  
The heart of that city a volcano burned,  
    And heaved up its lava to heaven.

When the dark wing of midnight had shadowed  
the world,

A furious tempest swept by ;

The flames of that burning it frantically hurled,  
Till its billows were pelting the sky.

“ And what is it like,” she exclaimed in dismay,

“ But a blast from the nostrils of God,  
That has shattered the portals of hell, to display  
play

The waves of its fathomless flood ?”

As a sea in its wrath, so that ocean of fire,

Rolling on with its turbulent groans,  
Spake the thunderings of hell when it reeled  
’neath the ire  
Of the demons that battled for thrones.

The scene was too dread ; she could linger no  
more,

But fled from the terrible view :

Now a moment she gazed on that ill-fated  
shore

Where Bonaparte lost Waterloo!

Then far o'er the sea, on an isle in the deep

Where the warrior and monarch was bound,  
For Napoleon, there Fancy would linger and  
weep,

And sigh as she hovered around.

When the monarch lay down on his pallet to  
die,

Where once a volcano alone  
Had heaved in its strength, belching lava on  
high,

But now quite extinguished and gone,—  
She thought as a furnace his spirit had flamed,  
Whose surges raged mighty and dire,  
But now, like the isle, it need only be named  
As the wreck of an extinguished fire.





S A C R E D   P O E M S.



## THE VOICE OF GOD.

---

THE breeze in its glee, like a wave on the sea,  
Sports gaily away; and it sings us a lay  
Of innocent joy, where no sorrows alloy—  
Of ages of bliss, like a long honied kiss—  
Of spirit as free as a child in its glee,  
A playing 'neath bowers of fragrance and  
flowers,

And this is the Voice of God.

The storm as it howls from the cloud as it  
scowls,  
And blackens the sky while it rages on high,  
Or, sweeping the vale with its desolate gale,  
In a mad-man like groan, makes the horrible  
moan

That tells of the woe where the wicked must  
go,

In darkness to dwell 'mid the wailings of hell,  
And this is the Voice of God.

The bright purling rill, from its fount in the  
hill,

With its fresh dewy lips, as lightly it trips  
Through valleys of green, and mountains be-  
tween,

In an angel-like tongue sings the heavenly  
song,

That pureness of heart will like pleasure im-  
part,

To sing as *we* go through contentment or woe ;  
And this is the Voice of God.

The ocean's loud peal of the waters that reel  
In billows that groan in a thunder-like tone,  
In every dark surge, hymns the funeral dirge  
Of lost ones of time, whose howlings now  
chime

With the hot burning spray, as it dashes  
away

O'er an ocean of fire, so dreadful and dire ;

And this is the Voice of God.

The songs of the birds, with their melody-  
words,

That cheerily sing 'mid the bowers of Spring,

Are happy and gay, and bid us away

From the regions of time to a sunnier clime,

Where sins are unknown, and pleasures are  
strown,

And sonnets are sung in a heavenly tongue ;

And this is the Voice of God.

The thunders on high, hurtling over the sky,

As if legions of hell were there battling to  
dwell

On a bright starry plain—their lost heaven to  
gain—

Peal terrible wrath on their lightning-lit path,

Of the vengeance of God for this sin-smitten  
sod,

When the last sun shall rise in the orient skies ;  
And this is the Voice of God.

• But conscience, alone, has a far deeper tone  
Than the storms or the breeze, or the thunders,  
or seas,

Or the birds of the spring, or the rills that may  
sing ;

Though silent in word, yet a language is heard  
That thrills through the heart like a magical  
dart,

And reproves us of sin as it whispers within ;  
And this is the Voice of God.

## DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN IN EGYPT.

---

MIDNIGHT reigned supreme ; and silence like  
The hush of death o'er Egypt's blighted fields  
Was brooding then. Not even a whispering  
breeze  
Disturbed the withered bough. No bubbling  
brook,  
Nor dashing wave, nor cascade roar was there  
To break the awful calm. A presage even  
More fearful than the silent prelude to  
An ocean tempest, hushed, or seemed to still  
The breathing pulse of Nature's mighty frame.  
The busy throng, in sweet repose, beneath  
The shades of balmy sleep, was dreaming o'er

The scenes of happier days yet mantled in  
The mazy folds of coming time. The sky  
With glittering stars upon her brow, was lit.  
Like countless eyes of angels gazing over  
The vast, eternal battlements of heaven,  
The golden orbs looked calmly down, and  
smiled  
In mockery, on the coming scene of blood.

Traverse with me those dark and silent streets  
Of ancient Zoan. Let us stop beside  
That pile of gorgeous art whose summit 'mid  
The gloom of night is lost. The threshold  
o'er

We pass. Within that room, with Orient  
wealth

Adorned, behold the scene! A prince arrayed  
In rich habiliments of Eastern pomp  
Traverses to and fro. His brow is knit,  
And quaking like an oak that shakes amid  
A raging storm, he stops; and looking up  
With eyes that glare a demon's fell despair,



He cries aloud: "Oh, why this deep remorse!

These dreary thoughts that throw a gloom about

My soul more dismal than the shades of hell!

This feeling! Oh! this damning hour!" But  
lo,

He starts! He lists! A groan of pain within  
Another chamber comes afloat; and then

A shrieking shakes the quiet air. He's gone;  
The heavy doors swing grating back, and  
seem

Themselves to utter sounds of coming woe.

Through corridors, with stealthy step, we  
enter

A domicile of death. The wretched prince

Is here beside the snowy folds that hang

About a rumpled couch. With palsied hand

He slowly lifts the vail; but, dropping it,

As though a burning brand had touched his  
palm,

He flies away ; and crying as he flies,—  
“My dearest son—*my first-born child* is dead.”  
The royal household wake—the servants flee—  
And mother, sisters, brothers—all rush in ;  
And, gazing on the pulseless form that lies  
Upon that downy bed, in one loud wail  
They tell the pain of hearts bereft. But while  
They mourn, that best-loved servant of the  
king,

Attempting to upraise and straighten out  
The still proportions of his master's child—  
His favorite boy—is stricken down as by  
An unseen stroke of deadly hate. He groans,  
And gasps for breath, and dies. To spread  
abroad

The sad distress, as if the telling would  
The grief assuage, they hasten to the streets.  
But cries on every hand, more fearful, meet  
The startled servants of the king. One deep  
And general wail, one agonizing shriek,  
In tumult louder far than thunder peal,  
Goes up from every princely dome, and cot,

And hovel low, and prison damp, that is  
Not of the house of God.

The scene, no pen  
Can e'er describe. The icy hand of death  
Had scattered wide the blighting frost that  
nipp'd

The loveliest, brightest buds that e'er adorned  
Egyptian homes. An unseen monster sped  
On steeds of lightning, to and fro, through all  
The plain; and hurling javelins whose barbs  
Were steeled with death, slew thousands ere  
there fled

A moment by. The groan of dying men—  
The piercing cries of orphaned ones—the wail  
Of parents—friends bereft of dearest loves—  
The husband's moan—the wife's lament—the  
sigh

Of lovers' bleeding hearts—the plaintive low  
From herds and folds, and, as it were, the  
last

Expiring groan that leaves a nation dead—

All in one vast, unbroken howl of pain  
And desperate grief, made heaven's welkin  
    reel,  
As though an earthquake throe had rent the  
    globe.

## TO THE PILLAR OF FIRE.

---

VAST pillar of splendor ! we cannot behold  
Thy stately proportions of crimson and gold,  
But we start at thy form, all majestic and  
grand,  
While fancies to revel their pinions expand.

And hast thou, a fragment, asunder been riven,  
From arches of splendor that glitter in heaven ?  
Or, rent by a stroke of Omnipotent might,  
From walls that encircle the City of Light ?

And hast thou by cohorts of angels been  
borne,

From the confines of glory to save the forlorn ?

Ah, hark! to the tones that so strangely  
abound,

With echoing words of prophetic sound!

“The earth is my home, and a prophet’s my  
name:

I come as an angel of truth to proclaim  
That Sinai’s summit in lightning shall glare,  
And Moses receive the bright decalogue there;

“Blood freely shall flow from a Saviour’s own  
side,

And Calvary in crimson shall deeply be dyed;  
That darkness dwells only where sinners are  
driven,

While glory emblazons the mansions of  
heaven.”

## THE SPIRIT TEMPLE.

---

WITHIN a good man's heart—a temple built by  
God is there,  
Built not of marble-stone and cedar-wood,  
adorned with costly care,—  
But built of spirit more enduring far, and  
decked with love,  
Whose drapery bright, with gem and gold, by  
seraphim was wove.

Within that temple, radiant more than human  
tongue can tell,  
A soft, melodious voice unceasing whispers,  
“All is well!”

An angel-band, with harps in hand, take up  
the joyful strain,  
And every throbbing pulse repeats those peace-  
ful words again.

And thus, within the good man's heart, a Spirit-  
Temple stands,  
Erected by Almighty God, and burnished with  
his hands—  
A temple where his presence is, and where his  
angels dwell—  
Where peaceful joys, from harp and voice, for  
ever sweetly swell.

Not so—not so—within the heart of selfishness  
and sin—  
A temple built by God is there, but nothing  
pure within;  
No drapery hangs there richly wove by hands  
of heavenly love,  
And glittering bright with precious gems from  
sapphire hills above.



No band of angels sweetly sing, and strike  
their harps of gold,

But all above, beneath, around, is desolate and  
cold :

The only voices in the heart are bickering  
words of hell,

And there malignant passions rage, and there  
forever dwell.

## PURITY.

---

IN the morning of time, 'mid the Eden of  
flowers,  
Was Purity throned in her own native bowers;  
But alas, the fair princess is exiled from  
earth,  
Dethroned by a tyrant soon after her birth.

When Satan by conquest enslaved the whole  
world,  
And o'er the vast kingdom his banner unfurled;  
Then Purity plumed her fair pinions of love,  
And sighed as she fled to the Eden above.

A note of that sorrow still whispers within,  
Reminding the heart of its thralldom in sin ;  
A tear of regret, like a dew-drop of even,  
She left on the sky, in ascending to heaven ;  
This tear-drop on high was the radiant star  
That on Bethlehem shone from the zenith afar.

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

LAMENTING THAT SHE MUST GROW OLD.

---

THOUGH years may dart, like arrows, by,  
And pain and care wring many a sigh,  
Though beauty fade, and pleasures flee,  
And spirit lose its wonted glee,  
Yet there's a pearl of priceless worth  
More precious than the gems of earth,  
That can assuage the ills of time,  
And make our suffering life sublime ;  
And she who owns this priceless prize  
Can purchase beauty in the skies.—  
Can clothe herself in fadeless youth,  
And bask in smiles of love and truth,

Can sing the sweetest songs on high,  
And harp with angels through the sky :  
Then, fair one, seek that priceless gem  
To wear a heavenly diadem.

## THE PRAYER OF ELIJAH.

---

THE earth was dry, was blighted and bare,  
The sky was pale, and heated the air ;  
The briny sea rolled heavy and slow,  
And rills and rivers no longer did flow.  
The forest was stript, its beauty gone,  
And birds away from the branches flown ;  
The flowers were withered, parched, and dried,  
And famine and death stalked side by side.

The moon looked sad on her pale white throne,  
And stars shone dim in their crystal zone ;  
The turbid sea, with a moaning surge,  
Went pealing on earth's funeral dirge ;

The odor from thousands rotting there,  
 Filled every breeze, and poisoned the air ;  
 The world, as it seemed, a grave would be,  
 And a charnel-house, the dark blue sea.

An aged prophet, at morning light  
 Toiled up with his staff, Mount Carmel's height ;  
 From early morn, until burning noon,  
 That veteran saint knelt there alone ;  
 With hands uplifted, and streaming eyes,  
 His earnest words rent even the skies :  
 He groaned in prayer, for a starving race,  
 That rain might water that burning place.

A servant hard by the prophet stood  
 To watch the sky, and the stagnant flood.  
 The holy man continued to pray,  
 Till shadows told the decline of day ;  
 But, ere the sigh of the last deep prayer,  
 Had died away on the evening air,  
 The servant cried in the wildest glee—  
 “ My master, lo ! a sign on the sea ! ”

A fleecy fold—a handful of spray  
Rose up from the ocean's trackless way ;  
Its downy form grew darker and wide,  
And cast a shade of gloom on the tide.  
An hour passed by, and that cloud so small,  
Had blackened the sky with its sombre pall.

'Mid darkness, and storms that rent the air—  
The thunder's crash, and the lightning's glare—  
The moaning winds, and the reeling shore—  
The rending rocks, and the ocean's roar—  
The heavens burst, and the falling rain  
Restored to beauty the sterile plain.

The fountains flowed, and the rills along  
Ran singing again their playful song ;  
The forest once more was clothed in green,  
And flowerets fair by the way were seen—  
The yielding field bloomed now as before,  
And plenty smiled as in days of yore ;  
But earth so fruitful, lovely, and fair,  
Kind Heaven made for the prophet's prayer.



## THE OLD YEAR.

---

ANOTHER year has fled away to dream  
Amid the shadows of the past—shadows  
That flit o'er moldering tombs of buried hopes  
Like dismal spectres. Born, twelve months  
ago

At midnight's lonely hour, its infant robes  
Were spotless snow, thick set with icy gems.  
Its only lullabies were howling winds,  
While Nature cradled it in wintry storms.  
It grew to childhood, and leaped forth joyously  
Amid the fragrant flowers and balmy breezes ;  
By purling streams it sported free ; and basked  
'Neath sunny skies that brighten vernal hours.

It grew to manhood, gathered summer fruits  
And wrought the toilsome labors of the field.  
But Autumn paled his cheeks, and marked his  
    brow,  
And bent his form. The winter of his age,  
Ere long, came chill. It snowed upon his  
    locks,  
And numbed his limbs. Wearied now of  
    life,  
He oft reclined upon his narrow couch  
And sang with trembling voice the fleeting  
    things  
Of earth—

The fragrant flower  
    Has passed away ;  
It bloomed an hour,  
    But to decay.  
The streamlet flows  
    Not now so free ;  
What shrank the rose,  
    Has hushed its glee.

The balmy breeze  
Has ceased to blow,  
And the green trees  
Refuse to grow.  
The winds are wild,  
And chill the air ;  
The forest mild  
Is drear and bare.

The valley bright  
With beauty dressed—  
The mountain height  
With waving crest,  
Are drear and bare,  
And tell the tale  
That all things fair  
Must fade and fail.

The landscape scene  
Has lost its light  
Of glowing green  
And tints all bright.

The sky is now  
More dreary far ;  
Its azure brow  
Shows not a star.

The shady bowers—  
The fair retreat  
Of smiling flowers  
Where lovers meet,  
Have faded fast,  
And sadly moan  
For pleasures past,  
And inmates gone.

And friends are dead  
And fortunes flown,  
And joys are fled,  
And hopes are gone.  
But soon, I too,  
Shall be no more—  
Shall bid adieu  
To this vain shore.

The year was old, and whitened for the tomb;  
He trembled 'neath his snowy hair upon  
The margin of the grave—and died. Bright  
hopes

Of happiness unseen, and schemes of vain  
Ambition, lay like withered flowers on  
His lifeless form that sleeps the silent sleep  
Of death. But 'tis thus with earth, whose  
doom

Is sealed—to fade, and droop, and pass away.



















